



W. Hogarth invt.

Ger VanderGucht sculp.



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THE
TRAGEDY
OF
TRAGEDIES;
OR THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
TOM THUMB *the Great.*

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

With the ANNOTATIONS of
H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

MDCCLXV.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
TRANSCENDY

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H. Scriblerus Secundus ;

H I S

P R E F A C E.

THE Town hath seldom been more divided in its Opinion, than concerning the Merit of the following Scenes. Whilst some publickly affirmed, That no Author could produce so fine a Piece but Mr. P——, others have with as much Vehemence insisted, That no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. F——.

Nor can we wonder at this Dissension about its Merit, when the learned World have not unanimously decided even the very Nature of this Tragedy. For tho' most of the Universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of *Egregium & maximi pretii opus, Tragædiis tam antiquis quàm novis longè anteponendum*; nay, Dr. B—— hath pronounced, *Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quàm Scribleri istius Tragædiam hanc crediderim, cujus Autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim*; and the great Professor Burman hath stiled *Tom Thumb, Heroum omnium Tragicorum facili Principem*. Nay, tho' it hath, among other Languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great Applause at Amsterdam (where Burlesque never came) by the Title of *Mynheer Vander Thumb*, the Burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent Attention which becometh an Audience at a deep Tragedy: Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these Scenes in a ludicrous Light; and Mr. D—— hath been heard to say, with some Concern, That he wondered a Tragical and Christian Nation would permit a Representation on its Theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is Great and Solemn among us.

This learned Critick and his Followers were led into so great an Error by that surreptitious and piratical Copy which

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stole last Year into the World; with what Injustice and Prejudice to our Author, will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original Copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great Praise of our Author, that however imperfect the former was, even that faint Resemblance of the true *Tom Thumb* contained sufficient Beautie to give it a Run of upwards of Forty Nights to the politest Audiences. But, notwithstanding that Applause which it receiv'd from all the best Judges, it was as severely censured by some few bad ones, and I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a Burlesque on the lofliest Parts of Tragedy, and designed to banish, what we generally call Fine Things, from the Stage.

Now, if I can set my Country right in an Affair of this Importance, I shall lightly esteem any Labour which it may cost. And this I the rather undertake, First, as it is indeed in some measure incumbent on me to vindicate myself from that surreptitious Copy beforementioned, publish'd by some ill-meaning People under my Name: Secondly, as knowing myself more capable of doing Justice to our Author than any other Man, as I have given myself more Pains to arrive at a thorough Understanding of this little Piece, having for ten Years together read nothing else; in which time, I think I may modestly presume, with the help of my *English Dictionary*, to comprehend all the Meanings of every Word in it.

But should any Error of my Pen awaken *Clariss. Bentleium* to enlighten the World with his Annotations on our Author, I shall not think that the least Reward or Happiness arising to me from these my Endeavours.

I shall wave at present what hath caused such Feuds in the learned World, Whether this Piece was originally written by *Shakespear*, tho' certainly That, were it true, must add a considerable Share to its Merit; especially, with such who are so generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit Faith in the Author only: A Faith! which our Age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it suffice, that the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb*, was written in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. Nor can the Objection made by Mr. D—, That the Tragedy must then have been antecedent to the History, have any Weight, when we consider, That tho' the *History of Tom Thumb*, printed by and for *Edward M—r*, at the Looking-Glass on *London-Bridge*, be of a later Date, still we must suppose this History to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the Writer thereof to be inspired: A Gift very faintly contended for by the Writers of our Age. As to this History's
not

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not bearing the Stamp of Second, Third, or Fourth Edition, I see but little in that Objection; Editions being very uncertain Lights to judge of Books by: And perhaps Mr. *M——r* may have joined twenty Editions in one, as Mr. *C——l* hath ere divided one into twenty.

Nor with the other Argument, drawn from the little Care our Author hath taken to keep up to the Letter of this History, carry any greater Force. Are there not Instances of Plays, wherein the History is so perverted, that we can know the Heroes whom they celebrate by no other Marks than their Names: Nay, do we not find the same Character placed by different Poets in such different Lights, that we can discover not the least Sameness, or even Likeness in the Features? The *Sophonisba* of *Mairet*, and of *Lee*, is a tender, passionate, amorous Mistress of *Masiniſſa*: *Corneille* and Mr. *Thomson* give her no other Passion but the Love of her Country, and make her as cool in her Affection to *Masiniſſa* as to *Syphax*. In the two latter, she resembles the Character of Queen *Elizabeth*; in the two former, she is the Picture of *Mary Queen of Scotland*. In short, the one *Sophonisba* is as different from the other, as the *Brutus* of *Voltaire* is from the *Marius*, Jun. of *Otway*; or as the *Minerva* is from the *Venus* of the Ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular Examination of the Tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the Words of an eminent Author, ‘One, regular, and uniform, not charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and yet affording several Revolutions of Fortune; by which the Passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full Tumult of Emotion.’——Nor is the *Action* of this Tragedy less great than uniform. The Spring of all is the Love of *Tom Thumb* for *Huncamunca*; which caused the Quarrel between their Majesties in the first Act; the Passion of Lord *Grizzle* in the Second; the Rebellion, Fall of Lord *Grizzle*, and *Glumdalca*, Devouring of *Tom Thumb* by the Cow, and that bloody Catastrophe, in the Third

Nor is the *Moral* of this excellent Tragedy less noble than the *Fable*; it teaches these two instructive Lessons, viz. That Human Happiness is exceeding transient, and, That Death is the certain End of all Men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal End of *Tom Thumb*; the latter, by that of all the other Personages.

The *Characters* are, I think, sufficiently described in the *Dramatis Personæ*; and I believe we shall find few Plays, where

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greater Care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every Speech that Characteristical Mark which distinguishes them from each other, ' But (says Mr. D——) how well ' doth the Character of *Tom Thumb*, whom we must call the ' Hero of this Tragedy, if it hath any Hero, agree with the Pre- ' cepts of *Aristotle*, who defineth *Tragedy* to be the Imitation of ' a short, but perfect Action, containing a just Greatness in itself, ' &c. What Greatness can be in a Fellow, whom History re- ' lateth to have been no higher than a Span? ' This Gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant *Kite*, that the Greatness of a Man's Soul is in proportion to that of his Body, the contrary of which is affirmed by our *English* Physiognomical Writers. Besides, if I understand *Aristotle* right, he speaketh only of the Greatness of the Action, and not of the Person.

As for the *Sentiments* and the *Diction*, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger Justification, than by producing parallel Passages out of the best of our *English* Writers. Whether this Sameness of Thought and Expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an Agreement in their Way of Thinking, or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the Reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; That they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest Dignity of Phrase; which brings me to speak of his *Diction*.—Here I shall only beg one Postulatum, viz. That the greatest Perfection of the Language of a Tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this is by being too high or too low for the Understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its Reach. Those two Extremities of Style Mr. *Dryden* illustrates by the familiar Image of two Inns, which I shall term the Aerial and the Subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these Inns, and when at the other;

*Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.*

That he approveth of the *Sesquipedalia Verba*, is plain; for had not *Telephus & Peleus* used this Sort of Diction in Prosperity, they could not have dropt it in Adversity. The Aerial Inn, therefore (says *Horace*) is proper only to be frequented by Princes and other great Men, in the highest Affluence of Fortune; the Subterrestrial is appointed for the Entertainment of the poorer sort of People only, whom *Horace* advises,

———— dolere Sermone pedestri.

The

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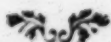
The true Meaning of both which Citations is, That Bombast is the proper Language for Joy, and Doggrel for Grief, the latter of which is literally imply'd in the *Sermo pedestris*, as the former is in the *Sesquipedalia Verba*.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these. *Quid est tam futiliter vel tragicum quàm verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ Sententiâ neque Scientiâ.* What can be so proper for Tragedy as a Set of big sounding Words, so contrived together as to convey no Meaning; which I shall one Day or other prove to be the Sublime of *Longinus*. *Ovid* declareth absolutely for the latter Inn:

Omne genus scripti Gravitate Tragedia vincit.

Tragedy hath of all Writings the greatest Share in the *Balbes*, which is the Profound of *Scriblerus*.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two Stiles be properer for Tragedy. — It sufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole Play, either rising higher than the Eye of your Understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed, that I have given more frequent Instances of Authors who have imitated him in the Sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, First, Bombast being properly a Redundancy of Genius, Instances of this Nature occur in Poets whose Names do more Honour to our Author, than the Writers in the Doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty Way of Thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in Authors of a lower Class. Secondly, That the Works of such Authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard Task to read them, in order to extract these Flowers from them. And Lastly, it is very difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some Flowers of a very nice Nature, which will flourish in no Soil but their own: For it is easy to transcribe a Thought, but not the Want of one. The *Earl of Essex*, for Instance, is a little Garden of choice Rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one Line so as to preserve its original Beauty. This must account to the Reader for his missing the Names of several of his Acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their Works; for which, if I have not a just Esteem, I can at least say with *Cicero*, *Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim.* However, that the Reader may meet with due Satisfaction in this Point, I have a young Commentator from the University, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our Author, which shall shortly be added as an Appendix to this Work.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

King Arthur , A passionate sort of King, Husband to Queen <i>Dollallolla</i> , of whom he stands a little in Fear; Father to <i>Huncamunca</i> , whom he is very fond of; and in Love with <i>Glumdalca</i> .	} Mr. Mullart.
Tom Thumb the Great , A little Hero with a great Soul, something violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for <i>Huncamunca</i> .	} Young Verbuyc.
Ghost of Gaffer Thumb , A whimsical sort of Ghost.	Mr. Lacy.
Lord Grizzle , Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very cholerick in his Temper, and in Love with <i>Huncamunca</i> .	} Mr. Jones.
Merlin , A Conjuror, and in some sort Father to <i>Tom Thumb</i> .	} Mr. Hallam.
Noodle , } Courtiers in Place, and consequently of that Party that is uppermost.	} Mr. Reynolds.
Doodle , }	} Mr. Watban.
Foodle , A Courtier that is out of Place, and consequently of that Party that is undermost.	} Mr. Ayres.
Bailiff , and } Of the Party of the Plaintiff.	} Mr. Peterson.
Follower , }	} Mr. Hicks.
Parson , Of the Side of the Church.	Mr. Watson.

W O M E N.

Queen Dollallolla , Wife to King <i>Arthur</i> , and Mother to <i>Huncamunca</i> , a Woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to Drink; a little too much a <i>Virago</i> towards her Husband, and in Love with <i>Tom Thumb</i> .	} Mrs. Mullart.
The Princess Huncamunca , Daughter to their Majesties King <i>Arthur</i> and Queen <i>Dollallolla</i> , of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous Disposition, equally in Love with Lord <i>Grizzle</i> and <i>Tom Thumb</i> , and desirous to be married to them both.	} Mrs. Jones.
Glumdalca , of the Giants, a Captive Queen, belov'd by the King, but in Love with <i>Tom Thumb</i> .	} Mrs. Dove.
Cleora , }	} Noodle.
Mustacha , }	} Doodle.
	} }

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning.

SCENE, *the Court of King Arthur, and a Plain thereabouts.*



TOM THUMB *the Great.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.



URE such a ^a Day as this was never seen!
The Sun himself, on this auspicious Day,
Shines like a Beau in a new Birth-Day Suit:
This down the Seams embroider'd, that the
Beams.

All Nature wears one universal Grin.

Nood.

^a *Cornille* recommends some very remarkable Day wherein to fix the Action of a Tragedy. This the best of our Tragical Writers have understood to mean a Day remarkable for the Serenity of the Sky, or what we generally call a fine Summer's Day: So that, according to this their Exposition,

the same Months are proper for Tragedy which are proper for Pastoral. Most of our celebrated *English* Tragedies, as *Cato*, *Mariamne*, *Tamerlane*, &c. begin with their Observations on the Morning. *Lee* seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful Description of our Authors:

*The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson,
The Flowers all odorous seem, the Garden Birds
Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends
The gaudy Earth with an unusual brightness,
All Nature smiles.*

*Cæs. Borg.
Masinissa*

Nood. This Day, O Mr. Doodle, is a Day
Indeed!—A Day, ^b we never saw before.
The mighty ^c *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,
^d Giants! to whom the Giants in *Guild-ball*

Are

Mafiniffa in the new *Sophonisba* is also a Favourite of the Sun;

—————*The Sun too seems,*
As conscious of my Joy, with broader Eye
To look abroad the World, and all things smile
Like Sophonisba.

Memnon in the *Persian Princess* | he may not peep on Objects which
makes the Sun decline, rising, that | would prophane his Brightness.

—————*The Morning rises slow,*
And all those ruddy Streaks that us'd to paint
The Day's Approach are lost in Clouds, as if
The Horrors of the Night had sent 'em back,
To warn the Sun he should not leave the Sea,
To peep, &c.

^b This Line is highly confor- | of the Antients. It hath been co-
mable to the beautiful Simplicity | pied by almost every Modern.

Not to be is not be in Woe. State of Innocence.
Love is not Sin but where 'tis sinful Love. Don Sebastian.
Nature is Nature, Lælius. Sophonisba.
Men are but Men, we did not make ourselves. Revenge.

^c Dr. B——y reads; The
mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr.
D——s: The mighty Thumb-
ing Thumb. Mr. T——d reads:
Thundering. I think *Thomas* more
agreeable to the great Simplicity
so apparent in our Author.

^d That learned Historian Mr.
S——n, in the third Number
of his Criticism on our Author,
takes great pains to explode this
Passage. It is, says he, difficult
to guess what Giants are here
meant, unless the Giant *Despair*
in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the
Giant *Greatness* in the *Royal*
Villain; for I have heard of no
other sort of Giants in the Reign
of King *Arthur*. *Petrus Burmanus*
makes three *Tom Thumbs*, one

whereof he supposes to have been
the same Person whom the *Greeks*
called *Hercules*, and that by these
Giants are to be understood the
Centaurs slain by that Hero: An-
other *Tom Thumb* he contends to
have been no other than the *Hermes*
Trismegistus of the Ancients: The
third *Tom Thumb* he places under
the Reign of King *Arthur*, to
which third *Tom Thumb*, says he,
the Actions of the other two were
attributed. Now, tho' I know
that this Opinion is supported by
an Assertion of *Justus Lipsius*, *Tho-*
mam illum Thumbum non alium
quàm Herculem fuisse satis constat,
yet shall I venture to oppose one
Line of Mr. *Midwinter* against
them all.

In Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live.

Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While *Thumb*, regardless of their Noise, rides on.

So some Cock-Sparrow, in a Farmer's Yard,
Hope at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

Dood. When Goody *Thumb* first brought this *Thomas*
forth,

The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd ;
Then, then, Oh *Arthur* ! did thy *Genius* reign.

Nood. They tell me it is whisper'd in the Books
Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero,
By *Merlin's* Art begot, hath not a Bone
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a Gristle of no mortal kind ;
Some God, my *Noodle*, stept into the Place
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, and more than ' half begot
This mighty *Tcm*.

Nood.

But then, says Dr. B——y, if | where no Giants were ever heard
we place *Tom Thumb* in the Court | of. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy-Queen*, is
of King *Arthur*, it will be proper | of another Opinion, where de-
to place that Court out of *Britain*, | scribing *Albion* he says,

—————*Far within, a salvage Nation dwelt*
Of hideous Giants.

And in the same Canto,

Then Elfar, with two Brethren Giants had,
The one of which had two Heads ———
The other three.

Risum teneatis, Amici.

* To *Whisper* in Books, says | *Princess*, or what *Whisp'ring* like
Mr. D——s, is arrant Nonsense. | *Winds* is in *Aurengzebe*, or like
I am afraid this learned Man does | *Thunder* in another Author, he
not sufficiently understand the ex- | would have understood this. *Em-*
tensive meaning of the Word | *meline* in *Dryden* sees a Voice, but
Whisper. If he had rightly under- | she was born blind, which is an
stood what is meant by the Senses | Excuse *Panthea* cannot plead in
Whisp'ring the Soul in the *Persian* | *Cyrus*, who hears a sight.

—————*Your Description will surpass*
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb Shew of Horror,
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld.

When Mr. D——s understands these, he will understand *Whisp'ring* in
Books.

† ———*Some Russian stept into his Father's Place,*
And more than half begot him.

Mary 2. of Scots.
s For

Nood.——² Sure he was sent Express
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.
Tho' small his Body be, so very small
A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large,
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse,
³ So doth this Mouse contain a mighty Mountain.

Dood. Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,
¹ The Giant Nurses frighten Children with it,
And cry *Tom Thumb* is come, and if you are
Naughty will surely take the Child away.

Nood. But hark! ^k these Trumpets speak the King's
Approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my Petition.

[*Flourish.*]

S C E N E II.

King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

King. ¹ Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;
The Man who frowns this Day shall lose his Head,
That

²—For Ulamar seems sent Express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian Clime. Liberty Asserted.

³ *Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest, says Scaliger in* | *Thumbo.*——I suppose he would
have cavilled at these beautiful
Lines in the Earl of *Essex*;

——Thy most inveterate Soul,
That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body.

And at those of *Dryden*,

The Palace is without too well design'd;
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.

Aurengzebe.

¹ Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim.

It was enough to say, here's *Essex* come,
And Nurses still'd their Children with the Fright. E. of *Essex*.

^k The Trumpet in a Tragedy | Banks in one of his Plays call it
is generally as much as to say | the Trumpet's formal Sound.
enter King, which makes Mr.

¹ *Pbraortes* in the *Captives* seems to have been acquainted with King
Arthur.

Proclaim a Festival for seven Days Space,
Let the Court shine in all its Pomp and Lustre,

That he may have no Face to frown withal.

Smile *Dollallolla!*—Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,

^m Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?

• Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd Cheeks,
Like a swollen Gutter, gushing through the Streets?

Queen. ⁿ Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard Folks say,
Gives Tears as certain as Excess of Grief.

King. If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,

• 'Till my whole Court be drowned with their Tears;

Nay,

*Let all our Streets resound with Shouts of Joy;
Let Musick's Care-dispelling Voice be heard;
The sumptuous Banquet, and the flowing Goblet
Shall warm the Cheek, and fill the Heart with Gladness.
Astarbe shall sit Mistress of the Feast.*

^m Repentance frowns on thy contracted Brow.
Hung on his clouded Brow, I mark'd Despair.

Sophonisba.

Ibid.

————— *A sullen Gloom
Scowls on his Brow.*

Buſiris.

ⁿ Plato is of this Opinion, and so is Mr. Banks;
Behold these Tears sprung from fresh Pain and Joy.

E. of Essex.

• These Floods are very frequent in the Tragick Authors.

*Near to some murmuring Brook I'll lay me down,
Whose Waters, if they should too shallow flow,
My Tears shall swell them up till I will drown.*

Lee's Sophonisba.

*Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,
That were the World on Fire they might have drown'd
The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.*

Mithridates.

One Author changes the Waters of Grief to those of Joy.

————— *These Tears, that sprung from Tides of Grief,
Are now augmented to a Flood of Joy.*

Cyrus the Great.

Another.

*Turns all the Streams of Hate, and makes them flow
In Pity's Channel.*

Royal Villain.

One drowns himself,

————— *Pity like a Torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a Deluge.*

Anna Bullen.

Cyrus drowns the whole World,

*Our swelling Grief
Shall melt into a Deluge, and the World
Shall drown in Tears.*

Cyrus the Great.

P An

What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,
Your Valour lays upon me ?

Queen. ———— Oh ! ye Gods ! [*Aside.*

• *Thumb.* When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,

• I've done my Duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen ! [*Aside.*

King. Thy Modesty's a " Candle to thy Merit,
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.

But say, my Boy, where didst thou leave the Giants ?

Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,
The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

King. What look they like ?

Thumb. Like Nothing but Themselves.

Queen. * And sure thou art like nothing but Thyself.

King. Enough ! the vast Idea fills my Soul. [*Aside.*
I see them, yes, I see them now before me :
The monstrous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.
But, Ha ! what Form Majestick strikes our Eyes ?
• So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn

By

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis.

I long, repent, repent and long again.

Victim.
Eufuris.

• A Tragical Exclamation.

• This Line is copied verbatim in the *Captives*.

• We find a Candlestick for this Candle in two celebrated Authors :

————— *Each Star withdraws*

His golden Head, and burns within the Socket.

A Soul grown old and sunk into the Socket.

Nero.
Sebastian.

* This Simile occurs very frequently among the Dramatick Writers of both Kinds.

• Mr. Lee hath stolen this Thought from our Author ;

————— *This perfect Face, drawn by the Gods in Council,
Which they were long a making.*

Luc. Jun. Brut.

————— *At his Birth the heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out ! This is a Man !*

Dryden hath improved this Hint to the utmost Perfection :

*So perfect that the very Gods, who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Design ! Their Envy hindred,*

B

Or

By all the Gods in Council : So fair she is,
That surely at her Birth the Council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman !

Thumb. Then were the Gods mistaken—She is not,
A Woman, but a Giantess—whom we,
^z With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the Town ; ^a for she is by a Foot
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a Queen and Wife,
One hundred thousand Giants own'd our Sway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh ! happy State of Giantism—where Husbands
Like Mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black Day,
That the same Sun, which rising, saw me Wife
To Twenty Giants, setting, should behold
Me widow'd of them all. — ^b My worn out Heart,
That Ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy Lading,
My Soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. ——— Madam, believe
I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye ;
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may.
To morrow we will have our Grenadiers Drawn

*Or you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Ostentation sake,
To copy out again.*

All for Love.

Banks prefers the Works of *Michael Angelo* to that of the Gods ;
A Pattern for the Gods to make a Man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a Statue.

^z It is impossible, says Mr. *W*———, sufficiently to admire this
natural easy Line.

^a This Tragedy, which in most
Points resembles the Ancients,
differs from them in this, that it
assigns the same Honour to Low-
ness of Stature, which they did to
Height. The Gods and Heroes in
Homer and *Virgil* are continually

described higher by the Head than
their Followers, the contrary of
which is observed by our Author :
In short to exceed on either side is
equally admirable, and a Man of
three Foot is as wonderful a sight
as a Man of nine.

^b *My Blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
My Soul will quickly sink.
My Soul is like a Ship.*

*Mithrid.
Injur'd Love.
c This*

Drawn out before you, and you then shall choose
What Husbands you think fit.

Glum. ——— ° Madam, I am

• ° Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

King. Think, mighty Princess, think this Court your own,
Nor think the Landlord me, this House my Inn;
Call for whate'er you will you'll Nothing pay.

° I feel a sudden Pain within my Breast,
Nor know I whether it arise from Love,
Or only the Wind-Colick. Time must shew,
Oh *Thumb!* what do we to thy Valour owe?
Ask some Reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. ° I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer those,
I ask not Money, Money I've enough;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For Giants slain, and Giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay—if this be call'd a Debt,
Take my Receipt in full—I ask but this,
° To sun myself in *Huncamunca's* Eyes.

King. Prodigious bold Request. }

Queen. ——— ° Be still, my Soul. }

[*Aside.*

Thumb. ° My Heart is at the Threshold of your Mouth,
And

° This well-bred Line seems to be copied in the *Persian Princess*;

To be your humblest, and most faithful Slave.

° This Doubt of the King | of Feet is mistaken for the Rust-
puts me in mind of a Passage | ling of Leaves.
in the *Captives*, where the Note |

————— Methinks I hear

The sound of Feet;

No, 'twas the Wind that shook yon Cypress Boughs.

° Mr. Dryden seems to have had this Passage in his Eye in the first
Page of *Love Triumphant*.

° *Don Carlos* in the *Revenge* suns himself in the Charms of his
Mistress,

While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay.

° A Tragical Phrase much in use.

° This Speech hath been taken | thors, who seem to have rissled it
10 pieces by several Tragical Au- | and shared its Beauties among them.

My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breast,

To ravish from thy Lips the welcome News.

Anna Bullen.

My

And waits its answer there—Oh! do not frown,
 I've try'd, to Reason's Tune, to tune my Soul,
 But Love did overwind and crack the String.
 Tho' Jove in Thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,
 I should have lov'd her still—for oh strange Fate,
 Then when I lov'd her least I lov'd her most!

King. It is resolv'd—the Princess is your own.

Thumb. 'Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy, Thumb!

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your Soldier's Merit,
 But give not *Huncamunca* to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended Realm
 Knows not a Name so glorious as Tom Thumb.

Let *Macedonia* Alexander boast,

Let *Rome* her *Cæsar's* and her *Scipio's* show,

Her *Missieurs France*, let *Holland* boast *Mynheers*,

Ireland her O's, her *Macs* let *Scotland* boast,

Let *England* boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,
 He shall not have my Daughter, that is Pos'.

King. Ha! say'st thou, *Dollallolla!*

Queen. ——— I say he shan't.

King. * Then by our Royal Self we swear you lie.

Queen. 'Who but a Dog, who but a Dog
 Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain

^m These twenty Years so loving by thy Side;

But

My Soul stands listening at my Ears.

Cyrus the Great.

Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring,

But Reason overwinds and cracks the String.

D. of Guise.

——— I shou'd have lov'd,

Tho' Jove in muttering Thunder had forbid it.

New Sophonisba.

And when it (my Heart) would resolves to love no more,

Then is the Triumph of excessive Love.

Ibidem.

³ *Masnissa* is one fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy.

Ibidem.

* No by myself.

Anna Bullen.

¹ ——— Who caus'd,

This dreadful Revolution in my Fate,

Ulamar. Who but a Dog, Who but a Dog?

Liberty Asserted.

^m ——— A Bride,

Who twenty Years lay loving by your Side.

Banks.

ⁿ For

But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang myself,
Then tremble all who did this Match persuade,
For riding on a Cat from high I'll fall,
And squirt down Royal Vengeance on you all.

Food. ° Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion.

King. ° Be she, or be she not—I'll to the Girl
And pave thy Way, oh *Thumb.*—Now by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts
To truckle to her Will—For when by Force
Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,
Give him the Petticoat, and her the Breeches.

Thumb. ° Whisper ye Winds, that *Huncamunca's* mine;
Echoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!
The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er,
And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils;
I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,
And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

So when some Chimney-Sweeper all the Day,
Hath through dark Paths pursued the sooty Way,
At Night, to wash his Hands and Face he flies,
And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdusta* lies.

S C E N E IV.

Grizzle solus.

Where art thou *Grizzle*! where are now thy Glories?
Where are the Drums that waken thee to Honour?

Greatness

° For born upon a Cloud from high I'll fall,
And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all.

Albion Queens.

° An Information very like | storm'd in the most violent
this, we have in the *Tragedy* | manner, *Cyaxares* observes very
of Love, where *Cyrus* having | calmly,
Why, Nephew Cyrus—you are mov'd.

° 'Tis in your choice,
Love me, or love me not.

Conquest of Granada.

° There is not one Beauty in | been borrowed by almost every
this charming Speech, but hath | Tragick Writer.

° Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this
of *Grizzle* in his *Earl of Essex*.

Where art thou Essex, &c.

Greatness is a lac'd Coat from *Monmouth-Street*,
Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's Back.
The spiteful Sun but yesterday survey'd
His Rival high as Saint *Paul's* Cupola;
Now may he see me as *Fleet-Ditch* laid low.

S C E N E V.

Queen, Grizzle.

Queen. Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded *Grizzle*.
Mountain of Treason, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine
To spout forth Words malicious as thyself,
Words, which might shame all *Billinggate* to speak.

Griz. Far be it from my Pride to think my Tongue
Your Royal Lips can in that Art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would scold?

Queen. Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't
you heard

(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)
That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.

Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!
Can always stop his Ears—but wou'd my Teeth,
By grinding Knives, had been first set on Edge.

Queen. Would I had heard, at the still Noon of Night,
The Hallaloo of Fire in ev'ry Street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I shou'd a Grandmother be made
By such a Rascal.—Sure the King forgets,
When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,
The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good Lord *Grizzle*! can I bear
To see him from a Pudding mount the Throne?

Or

* The Countess of *Nottingham* in the *Earl of Essex* is apparently acquainted with *Dollallolla*.

* *Grizzle* was not probably possessed of that Glew of which *Mr. Banks* speaks in his *Cyrus*.

I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry word.

* *Screech-*

Or can, Oh can! my *Huncamunca* bear
To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms?

Griz. Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease, my Queen,
Thy Voice, like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks my Brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy Spirit——we may yet prevent
This hated Match.——

Griz. ——— We will *; not Fate itself,
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb*, should cause it.
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;
Fierce as the Man whom ' smiling Dolphins bore,
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.
I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

Queen. Oh, no! prevent the Match, but hurt him not;
For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them;
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How! have you seen no Giants? Are there not
Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants?

Griz. * Indeed I cannot positively tell,
But firmly do believe there is not One.

Queen.

* *Screech-Owls, dark Ravens and amphibious Monsters,
Are screaming in that Voice.*

Mary Q. of Scots.

* The Reader may see all the Beauties of this Speech in a late Ode
called the *Naval Lyrick*.

† This Epithet to a Dolphin | than a flying Fish. Mr. *Dry-*
doth not give one so clear an | den is of Opinion, that Smiling
Idea as were to be wished, | is the Property of Reason, and
a smiling Fish seeming a little | that no irrational Creature can
more difficult to be imagined | smile.

Smiles not allowed to Beasts from Reason move. State of Innocence.

‡ These Lines are written in the same Key with those in the *Earl*
of *Essex*.

*Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.*

Or with this in *Cyrus*;

The most heroick Mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern Tragedies.

Queen. Hence! from my Sight! thou Traitor, hie away;
By all my Stars! thou enviest *Tom Thumb*.
Go Sirrah! go, ^a hie away! hie!—thou art
A setting Dog, be gone.

Griz. Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd:
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,
With angry Teeth he bites him to the Bone,
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done.

S C E N E VI.

Queen sola.

And whither shall I go?—Alack-a-day!
I love *Tom Thumb*——but must not tell him so;
For what's a Woman when her Virtue's gone?
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;
A Stocking with a Hole in't——I can't live
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb*.

^b Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.

Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.

But hold!—perhaps I may be left a Widow:

This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine:

In that dear Hope I will forget my Pain,

So,

^a <i>Aristotle</i> in that excellent Work of his, which is very justly stiled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the	Terms of Art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. <i>Mr. Tate</i> is of the same Opinion.
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Bru. Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Course about,
Your Game flies fair.

Fra. Do not fear it.

He answers you in your own *Hawking Phrase*. Injur'd Love.
I think these two great Authori- | *Hie away, hie*; when in the same
ties are sufficient to justify *Dol-* | Line she says she is speaking to a
lallolla in the use of the Phrase— | setting Dog.

^b We meet with such another Pair of Scales in *Dryden's King*
Arthur.

Arthur and Oswald, and their different Fates
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heaven.

Also in *Sebastian*.

This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales.

^c Mr

So, when some Wench to *Totbill-Bridewell's* sent
 With beating Hemp and Flogging she's content,
 She hopes in time to ease her present Pain,
 At length is free, and walks the Streets again.



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

Bail. COME on, my trusty Follower, come on,
 This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night
 A Double Mug of Beer and Beer shall glad thee.
 Stand here by me, this Way must *Noodle* pass.

Follow. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! ev'ry Word
 Inspires my Soul with Virtue.———Oh! I long
 To meet the Enemy in the Street—and nab him:
 To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,
 And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.

Bail. There, when I have him, I will sponge upon him.
 'Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon and Stars,
 I will enjoy it, tho' it be in Thought!
 Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.

Follow. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
 Our Prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

S C E N E II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

Thumb. Trust me, my *Noodle*, I am wond'rous sick;
 For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,
 Yet at the Thought of Marriage I grow pale; For

* Mr. Rowe is generally ima- | least Resemblance to our Author
 gin'd to have taken some Hints | in his Diction, I am unwill-
 from this Scene in his Character | ing to imagine he would con-
 of *Bajazet*; but as he, of all | descend to copy him in this Par-
 the Tragick Writers, bears the | ticular.

* This

For Oh!—^d but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare.

Nood. I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms.

Thumb. Then know ——— * my Grand-mamma hath
often said,

Thomas Thumb, beware of Marriage.

Nood. Sir, I blush

To think a Warrior, great in Arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma;
Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter
The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms?
Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,
When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,
You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every Kiss.

Thumb. Oh! *Noodle*, thou hast fir'd my eager Soul;
Spite of my Grandmother she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love:
Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short
For our Enjoyment, every Sun shall rise
' Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

Nood.

^d This Method of surprising | then balking it, hath been prac-
an Audience by raising their Ex- | tis'd with great Success by most of
pectation to the highest Pitch, and | our Tragical Authors.

^e *Ameyda* in *Sebastian* is in the same Distress;
Sometimes methinks I hear the Groan of Ghosts,
Thin hollow Sounds and lamentable Screams;
Then, like a dying Echo from afar,
My Mother's Voice that cries, 'wed not Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, Marriage is thy Crime.

^f As very well he may, if he | indecent Object; and therefore
hath any Modesty in him, says | on all such Occasions he addresses
Mr. D——s. The Author of | himself to the Sun, and desires
Busiris is extremely zealous to | him to keep out of the way.
prevent the Sun's blushing at any

Rise never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,
Eternal Darkness close the world's wide Scene.

Busiris.

Sun hide thy Face, and put the World in Mourning.

Ibid.

Mr. Banks makes the Sun per- | therefore not likely to be disgusted
form the Office of Hymen; and | at such a Sight;

The Sun sets forth like a gay Brideman with you. *Mary Q. of Scots.*

s Neur-

Nood. Oh, Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you.

Nood. At whose Suit is it?

Bail. At your Taylor's, Sir.

Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.

Thumb. Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!
Think you *Tom Thumb* will suffer this Disgrace!
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his Anger by his Sword.

[*Kills the Bailiff and his Follower.*]

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Follower. I am murdered also,
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

Nood. * Go then to Hell like Rascals as you are,
And give our Service to the Bailiffs there.

Thumb. Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,
Till Debtors at Noon-day shall walk the Streets,
And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

S C E N E III.

The Princess Huncamunca's Apartment.

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

Hunc. ^b Give me some Musick—see that it be sad.

Cleora sings.

Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let

* *Neurmahal* sends the same Message to Heaven;
For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our Friends above.

Aurengzebe.

We find another to Hell, in the Persian Princess;

Villain, get thee down
To Hell, and tell them that the Fray's begun.

^b *Anthony* gives the same Command in the same Words.

[†] Oh!

II.

*Let him feel the pleasing Smart,
Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;
When One you wound, you then destroy;
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.*

Hunc. ¹ O, *Tom Thumb!* *Tom Thumb!* wherefore art thou *Tom Thumb?*

Why hadst thou not been born of Royal Race?
Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?
Or else the King of *Brentford*, Old or New?

Must. I am surpris'd that your Highness can give yourself a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignificant Fellow, ² *Tom Thumb the Great*—One properer for a Play-thing, than a Husband—Were he my Husband his Horns should be as long as his Body.—If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it—If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my *Mustacha*, on thy Duty cease.
The *Zephyr*, when in flow'ry Vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.
The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

Must. The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband.—Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks so little like a Man—He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

Hunc. This Rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this Railing comes from Love.
Tom Thumb's a Creature of that charming Form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the King.

S C E N E IV.

King, Huncamunca.

King. Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[*Exe. Cleora and Mustacha.*
Daughter,

¹ Oh! *Marius, Marius*, wherefore art thou *Marius*? Otway's *Marius*.

² Nothing is more common than these seeming Contradictions; such as,
Haughty Weakness, Victim.
Great small World. Noah's Flood.

¹ Lee

Daughter, I have observ'd of late some Grief
Unusual in your Countenance——your Eyes,
¹ That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew
The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,
Have now two Blinds before them——What is the Cause?
Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not myself,
That once I eat two Fowls and half a Pig;
^m Small is that Praise; but oh! a Maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. ⁿ O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword
Streams

¹ *Lee* hath improved this Metaphor.

*Dost thou not view Joy peeping from my Eyes,
The Casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad Citizens to Windows rise,
When they some young Triumpher slain would see.*

Gloriana.

^m *Almabide* hath the same Contempt for these Appetites;

To eat and drink can no Perfection be. Conquest of Granada.

The Earl of *Essex* is of a dif- | place the chief Happiness of a Ge-
ferent Opinion, and seems to | neral therein.

*Were but Commanders half so well rewarded,
Then they might eat.*

Banks's Earl of Essex.

But if we may believe one, | Eating to be an Affair of more
who knows more than either, | moment than is generally ima-
the Devil himself; we shall find | gined.

Gods are immortal only by their Food. Lucifer in the State of Innocence.

ⁿ This Expression is enough | man of no abandon'd Character
of itself (says Mr. D——) ut- | in *Dryden*, adventuring farther,
terly to destroy the Character of | and thus excusing herself;

Huncamunca; yet we find a Wo-

*To speak our Wishes first, forbid it Pride,
Forbid it Modesty: True, they forbid it,
But Nature does not: When we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on.*

Cleomenes.

Cassandra speaks before she is asked. *Huncamunca* afterwards.

Cassandra speaks her Wishes to her Lover.

Huncamunca only to her Father.

° *Hér.*

Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.
 Whose Name in *Terrâ Incognitâ* is known,
 Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,
 Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

Hunc. Whom does my Royal Father mean?

King. *Tom Thumb.*

Hunc. Is it possible?

King. Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,
 ° A Country-Dance of Joy is in your Face,
 Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

Hunc. O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,
 Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.

Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,
 I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.
 For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,
 A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy Sound! henceforth let no one tell
 That *Huncamunca* shall lead Apes in Hell.

Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art.

° Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy Brows;
 Transports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,
 As Small-shot thro' a Hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy News shall on our Tongue ride Post,
 Ourselves we bear the happy News to *Thumb*.

Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms
 Must still detain the Hero from his Arms;

Various his Duty, various his Delight;

Now is his turn to kiss, and now to fight;

And now to kiss again. So, mighty [°] *Jove*, When

° *Her Eyes resistless Magick bear,*

Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.

Lee's Sophonisba.

° *Mr. Dennis in that excellent* | great a Stroke *the late French*
Tragedy, call'd Liberty Asserted, | *King, hath frequent Imitations of*
which is thought to have given so | *this beautiful Speech of King Arthur;*

Conquest light'ning in his Eyes, and thund'ring in his Arm.

Joy lighten'd in her Eyes.

Joys like Light'ning dart along my Soul.

° *Jove, with excessive Thund'ring tir'd above.*

Comes

TOM THUMB *the Great.*

31

When with excessive Thund'ring tir'd above,
Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit—and then
Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring back again.

S C E N E V.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

Griz. 'Oh! *Huncamunca, Hucamunca*, oh!
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca!* oh!

Hunc. Ha! dost thou know me, Princess as I am,
'That thus of me you dare to make your Game.

Griz. Oh *Huncamunca*, well I know that you
A Princess are, and a King's Daughter too;
But Love no Meanness scorns, no Grandeur fears;
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,
And bids the sturdy Porter come up Stairs.
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca*, oh!

Hunc. But granting all you say of Love were true,
My Love, alas! is to another due!
In vain to me a Suitoring you come,
For I'm already promis'd to *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. And can my Princess such a Durgen wed,
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!
Advis'd by me, the worthless Baby shun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one. Oh

*Comes down for Ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then
Mounts dreadful, and to Thund'ring goes again.*

Gloriana.

'This beautiful Line, which | ten in Gold, is imitated in the New
ought, says Mr. W—— to be writ- | *Sophonisba*;

Oh! *Sophonisba, Sophonisba*, oh!

Oh! *Narva, Narva*, oh!

The Author of a Song, called *Duke upon Duke*, hath improv'd it:
Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!

Where by the Help of a little false Spelling, you have two Mean-
ings in the repeated Words.

'*Edith*, in the *Bloody Brother*, speaks to her Lover in the same fa-
miliar Language;

Your Grace is full of Game.

'*Traverse*

Oh take me to thy Arms, and never flinch,
 Who am a Man by *Jupiter* ev'ry Inch.
 'Then while in Joys together lost we lie,
 I'll press thy Soul while Gods stand wishing by.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove,
 All Obstacles of Promise you remove;
 For all Engagements to a Man must fall,
 Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all.

Griz. Oh let him seek some Dwarf, some Fairy Miss,
 Where no Joint-stool must lift him to the Kifs.
 But by the Stars and Glory you appear
 Much fitter for a *Prussian* Grenadier;
 One Globe alone on *Atlas*' Shoulders rests,
 Two Globes are less than *Huncamunca*'s Breasts:
 The Milky-way is not so white, that's flat,
 And sure thy Breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, Sir, so strong your Eloquence I find,
 It is impossible to be unkind.

Griz. Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the " Sound
 From one Pole to another Pole rebound;
 The Earth and Sky each be a Battledoor,
 And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;
 To *Doctors Commons* for a Licence I,
 Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh no! lest some Disaster we should meet,
 'Twere better to be married at the Fleet.

Griz. Forbid it all ye Powers, a Princess should
 By that vile Place contaminate her Blood;
 My quick Return shall to my Charmer prove
 I travel on the " Post-Horses of Love.

Hunc.

1 *Traverse the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,
 Born on a Cloud in view of Fate I'll lie,
 And press her Soul while Gods stand wishing by.*

Hannibal. }

2 *Let the four Winds from distant Corners meet,
 And on their Wings first bear it into France;
 Then back again to Edina's proud Walls,
 Till Victim to the Sound th' aspiring City falls.*

Albion Queens.

3 *I do not remember any Me- | Poets as those borrow'd from Ri-
 taphors so frequent in the Tragick | ding Post;
 The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.*

Hannibal.
 — Let's

Hunc. Those Post-Horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the Gods, when they
Ride on behind that Post-Boy, Opportunity.

S C E N E VI.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Thumb. Where is my Princess, where's my *Huncamunca*?
Where are those Eyes, those Cardmatches of Love,
That * light up all with Love my waxen Soul?
Where is that Face, which artful Nature made
y In the same Moulds where *Venus* Self was cast?

Hunc.

—Let's rush together,
For Death rides Post.

Duke of Guise.
Gloriana.

Destruction gallops to thy murder Post.

* This Image too very often occurs;

—Bright as when thy Eye
First lighted up our Loves.

Aurengzebe.
Busiris.

This not a Crown alone lights up my Name.

y There is great Dissension a- | made in being lost, Heaven cannot
mong the Poets concerning the Me- | form such another. *Lucifer*, in
thod of making Man. One tells | *Dryden*, gives a merry Description
his Mistress that the Mold she was | of his own Formation;

Whom Heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for Number to the rest.

State of Innocency.

In one Place the same Poet supposes Man to be made of Metal;

I was form'd

Of that coarse Metal, which when she was made,
The Gods threw by for Rubbish.

All for Love.

In another of Dough;

When the Gods moulded up the Paste of Man,
Some of their Clay was left upon their Hands,
And so they made Egyptians.

Cleomenes.

In another of Clay;

—Rubbish of remaining Clay.

Sebastian.

One makes the Soul of Wax;

Her waxen Soul begins to melt apace.

Anna Bullen.

Another of Flint;

Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former Beings, or struck out together,
One Spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal.

Sebastian.

To omit the great Quantities | modern Authors—I cannot omit
of Iron, Brazen and Leaden | the Dress of a Soul as we find it
Souls, which are so plenty in | in *Dryden*;

Souls skirted but with Air.

King Arthur.
Nor

Hunc. * Oh ! what is Musick to the Ear that's deaf,
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no Taste ?
What are these Praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another ?

Thumb. Ha ! promis'd.

Hunc. Too sure ; it's written in the Book of Fate.

Thumb. * Then I will tear away the Leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,
I'll blot it out at least.

S C E N E VII.

Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

Glum. ^b I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca*,
Your Brandy-Nose proclaims——

Hunc. I am a Princess ;
Nor need I ask who you are.

Glum. A Giantess ;
The Queen of those who made and unmade Queens.

Hunc. The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be
My Sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty Giants.

Glum. Your Sweetheart ? dost thou think the Man,
who once
Hath worn my easy Chains, will e'er wear thine ?

Hunc.

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of Soul in a particular sort of
Description, in the *New Sophonisba*.

Ye mysterious Powers,
—— *Whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,*
Or on the Mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling Soul, where Wisdom sheds
Eternal Sun-shine, and eternal Joy.

* This Line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.

* Good Heaven ! the Book of Fate before me lay,
But to tear out the Journal of that Day.
Or if the Order of the World below,
Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,
Give me that Minute when she made her Vow. Conquest of Granada.

^b I know some of the Com-
mentators have imagined, that
Mr. Dryden, in the *Alcibiades*
Scene between *Cleopatra* and *Oelia*
via, a Scene which Mr. Addison
inveighs against with great Bitter-
ness, is much beholden to our Au-
thor. How just this their Obser-
vation is, I will not presume to de-
termine.

Hunc. Well may your Chains be easy, since, if Fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.

- * The Glove or Boot, so many times pull'd on,
- May well sit easy on the Hand or Foot.

Glum. I glory in the Number, and when I
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this Beauty is,
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.

[*Holds a Candle to her Face.*]

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil.

Glum. You'd give the best of Shoes within your Shop
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. ——— Since you come

* To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Test;

Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh! stay, *Tom Thumb,* and you alone shall fill
That Bed where twenty Giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. In the Balcony that o'erhangs the Stage,
I've seen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;
One half a Crown does in his Fingers hold,
The other shews a little Piece of Gold;
She the Half Guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser Coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a Chit as this;
* I feel the Storm that's rising in my Mind, Tem-

* A cobling Poet indeed, says | in the Tragick Authors: I'll put
Mr. D. and yet I believe we | down one;
may find as monstrous Images |

Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a Bride's Hair.
Injur'd Love.

Which Line seems to have as much Title to a Milliner's Shop, as
our Author's to a Shoemaker's.

* Mr. L ——— takes Occasion in | *Shakespear, Johnson and Fletcher,*
this Place to commend the great | were so notoriously negligent; and
Care of our Author to preserve the | the Moderns, in Imitation of our
Metre of Blank Verse, in which | Author, so laudably observant;

————— *Then does*

Your Majesty believe that he can be
A Traitor!

Earl of Essex.

Every Page of *Sophonisba* gives us Instances of this Excellence.

* Love mounts and rolls about my stormy Mind.
Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' my Bosom move.

Aurengzebe-
Cleom.
* With

Tempests, and Whirlwinds rise, and roll and roar.

I'm all within a Hurricane, as if

^f The World's four Winds were pent within my Carcase.

^g Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death!

SCENE VIII.

King, Glumdalca.

King. ^h Sure never was so sad a King as I,

ⁱ My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat

A Beggar wears; a Prince should put it off,

^k To love a Captive and a Giantess.

Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!

My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou trumpetest,

Unknown to me, within me. ^l Oh *Glumdalca*!

Heaven thee design'd a Giantess to make,

But an Angelick Soul was shuffled in.

^m I am a Multitude of walking Grievs,

And only on her Lips the Balm is found,

ⁿ To spread a Plaister that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

^o *Glum.*

^f *With such a furious Tempest on his Brow,
As if the World's four Winds were pent within
His blustering Carcase.*

Anna Bullen.

^g *Verba Tragica.*

^h This Speech hath been terribly maul'd by the Poet.

ⁱ *——— My Life is worn to Rags;
Not worth a Prince's wearing.*

Love Triumph.

^k *Must I beg the Pity of my Slave?
Must a King beg! But Love's a greater King,
A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me.
He tunes the Organ of my Voice and speaks,
Unknown to me, within me.*

Sebastian.

^l *When thou wer't form'd Heaven did a Man begin;
But a Brute Soul by Chance was shuffled in.*

Aurengzebe.

^m *——— I am a Multitude
Of walking Grievs.*

New Sophonisba.

ⁿ *I will take thy Scorpion Blood,
And lay it to my Grief till I have Ease.*

Anna Bullen.

^o Our

• *Glum.* Ah wretched Queen!

King. Oh! wretched King!

• • *Glum.* Ah!

King. Oh!

S C E N E IX.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Parson.

Parson. Happy's the Wooing that's not long a doing;
For, if I guess right, *Tom Thumb* this Night
Shall give a Being to a New *Tom Thumb*.

Thumb. It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh! fy upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well:

^a I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;

^r I'm so transported I have lost myself. *Hunc.*

• Our Author, who every where shews his great Penetration into Human Nature, here outdoes himself: Where a less judicious Poet would have raised a long Scene of whining Love. He who understood the Passions better, and that so violent an Affection as this must be too big for Utterance, chooses rather to send his Characters off in this sullen and doleful Manner: In which admirable Conduct he is imitated by the Author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice*. Dr. *Young* seems to point at this Violence of Passion:

—Passion choaks

Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair.

And *Seneca* tells us, *Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.* The Story of the Egyptian King in *Herodotus* is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious Reader to the excellent *Montagne*, who hath written an Essay on this Subject.

^p To part is Death—

—'Tis Death to part.

Ab.

Ob.

Don Carlos.

Busris.

^a Nor know I whether.

What am I, who or where.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.

Gloriana.

^r To understand sufficiently the Beauty of this Passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every Man to contain two Selves. I shall not attempt to prove this from Philosophy, which the Poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

—Let me demand your Majesty,

Why fly you from yourself?

Duke of Guise.

In a 2d, one Self is a Guardian to the other;

Leave me the Care of me.

Conquest of Granada.

Again,

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost you'd find yourself no more.
So the unhappy Sempstrefs once, they say,
Her Needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay;
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,
For ah, the Needle was for ever gone.

Parson. Long may they live, and love, and propagate,
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.
' So when the *Cheshire* Cheese a Maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:
By thousands, and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

S C E N E X.

Noodle, and then Grizzle.

Nood. ' Sure Nature means to break her solid Chain,
Or else unfix the World, and in a Rage To

Again,

Myself am to myself less near.

Ibid.

In the same, the first Self is proud of the second;

I myself am proud of me.

State of Innocence.

In a 3d, distrustful of him;

*Fain I would tell, but whisper it in mine Ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not myself.*

Earl of Essex.

In a 4th, honours him;

*I honour Rome,
But honour too myself.*

Sophonisba.

In a 5th, at Variance with him;

Leave me not thus at Variance with myself.

Busiris.

Again, in a 6th, I find myself divided from myself.

Medea.

She seemed the sad Effigies of herself.

Banks.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be

The Friend thou seemest, assist me against me.

Albion Queens.

From all which it appears that
there are two Selves; and there-
fore *Tom Thumb's* losing himself
is no such Solecism as it hath

been represented by Men, rather
ambitious of Criticising than qua-
lified to Criticise.

' Mr. F. — imagines this Parson to have been a *Welsh* one from
his Simile.

' Our Author hath been plunder'd here according to Custom;

*Great Nature break thy Chain that links together
The Fabrick of the World, and make a Chaos,
Like that within my Soul.*

Love Triumphant.

— Startle Nature, unfix the Globe,

And hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges.

Albion Queens.

The tottering Earth seems sliding off its Props.

" D — n

To hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges;
All things are so confus'd, the King's in Love,
The Queen is drunk, the Princess married is.

• • Griz. Oh! Noodle, hast thou *Huncamunca* seen?

Nood. I've seen a Thousand Sights this Day, where none
Are by the wonderful Bitch herself outdone,
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.

Griz. "D——n your Delay, you Trifler, are you
drunk, ha?

I will not hear one Word but *Huncamunca*.

Nood. By this time she is marry'd to *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. " My *Huncamunca*.

Nood. Your *Huncamunca*.

Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every Man's *Huncamunca*.

Griz. If this be true, all Womankind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.

Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a Word
Against that Face, upon whose * ample Brow
Sits Innocence with Majesty enthron'd.

Grizzle, *Huncamunca*.

Griz. Where has my *Huncamunca* been? See here
The Licence in my Hand!

Hunc. Alas! *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah me! *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. What means my lovely *Huncamunca*?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! Speak.

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Ha! your every Word is Hum:

γ You force me still to answer you, *Tom Thumb*.

Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,

* *Tom*

α D——n your Delay, ye Torturers proceed,

I will not bear one Word but *Almahide*. Conquest of Granada.

ω Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in *All for Love*.

* This Miltonick Stile abounds in the New *Sophonisba*.

—— And on her ample Brow

Sat Majesty.

γ Your ev'ry Answer still so ends in that,

You force me still to answer you *Morat*.

Aurengzebe.

* *Morat*,

² *Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb*, you love the Name;
So pleasing is that Sound, that were you dumb
You still would find a Voice to cry, *Tom Thumb*.

Hunc. Oh! Be not hasty to proclaim my Doom,
My ample Heart for more than one has room:
A Maid, like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,
^a I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy Falshood to my Face?
Think'st thou that I will share thy Husband's Place,
Since to that Office one cannot suffice,
And since you scorn to dine one single Dish on,
Go, get your Husband put into Commission,
Commissioners to discharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,
The Duty of a Husband to your Highness;
Yet think not long I will my Rival bear,
Or unreveng'd the slighted Willow wear;
The gloomy, brooding Tempest, now confin'd
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind,
In dreadful Whirl shall roll along the Coasts,
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boasts,
^b And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghosts.

}
} So

² *Morat, Morat, Morat*, you love the Name.

Aurengzebe.

^a Here is a Sentiment for the | of this great Man, the virtuous
virtuous *Huncamunca* (says Mr. | *Panthea* in *Cyrus* hath an Heart
D—s) and yet, with the Leave | every whit as ample:

*For two I must confess are Gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.*

Cyrus the Great.

Nor is the Lady in *Love Triumphant* more reserv'd, tho' not so intelligible;

— *I am so divided,*

That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

^b A ridiculous Supposition to | great Expansion of immaterial
any one who considers the great | Substance. Mr. *Banks* makes
and extensive Largeness of Hell, | one Soul to be so expanded
says a Commentator: But not | that Heaven could not contain
so to those who consider the | it;

The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul.

Virtue Betray'd.

The *Persian Princess* hath a Passage not unlike the Author of this;

*We will send such Shoals of murder'd Slaves,
Shall glut Hell's empty Regions.*

This threatens to fill Hell even | only to fill up the Chinks, sup-
tho' it were empty; Lord *Grizzle* | posing the rest already full.

^c Mr.

‘ So have I seen, in some dark Winter’s Day,
 A sudden Storm rush down the Sky’s High-way,
 Sweep thro’ the Streets with terrible Ding-dong,
 Gush thro’ the Spouts, and wash whole Crouds along.
 The crouded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,
 Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,
 And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is seen.

Hunc. Oh ! fatal Rashness, should his Fury slay,
 My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding-Day ;
 I, who this Morn of two chose which to wed,
 May go again this Night alone to Bed ;

‘ So have I seen some wild unsettled Fool,
 Who had her Choice of this and that Joint-Stool ;
 To give the Preference to either loth,
 And fondly coveting to sit on both ;
 While the two Stools her Sitting-Part confound,
 Between ’em both fall squat upon the Ground.

‘ Mr. *Addison* is generally thought to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the End of the third Act of his *Cato*.

‘ This beautiful Simile is founded on a Proverb, which does Honour to the *English* Language ;

Between two Stools the Breech falls to the Ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written Remains of the Ancients, as with those little Aphorisms which verbal Tradition hath delivered down to us, under the Title of *Proverbs*. It were to be wished, that instead of filling their

Pages with the fabulous Theology of the Pagans, our modern Poets would think it worth their while to enrich their Works with the Proverbial Sayings of their Ancestors. Mr. *Dryden* hath chronicled one in *Heroick* ;

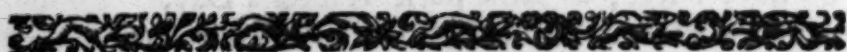
Two I’s scarce make one Possibility.

Conquest of Granada.

My Lord *Bacon* is of Opinion, that whatever is known of Arts and Sciences might be proved to have lurked in the *Proverbs* of *Solomon*. I am of the same Opinion in relation to those abovemention’d : At least I am confident that a more perfect

System of Ethicks, as well as Oeconomy, might be compiled out of them than is at present extant, either in the Works of the Ancient Philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous, ones of the modern Divines.





A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, King Arthur's Palace.

* Ghost *solus*.

HAIL! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Midnight!
 Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!
 And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whose hoarse Throats
 Th'immortal Ghosts dread Croakings counterfeit,
 All Hail!—Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in Fire;
 Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,
 To the loud Musick of the silent Bell,
 All Hail!

S C E N E II.

King, and Ghost.

King. What Noise is this—What Villain dares,

At

* Of all the Particulars in which the modern Stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the great Scarcity of Ghosts in the latter. Whence this proceeds, I will not presume to determine. Some are of Opinion, that the Moderns are unequal to that sublime Language which a Ghost ought to speak. One says ludicrously, That Ghosts are out

of Fashion; another, That they are properer for Comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that *Aristotle* hath told us, That a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy; for so I render the *ψυχή ὁ μῦθος ἡ τραγωδία*, which *M. Dacier*, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose misled by not understanding the *Fabula* of the *Latins*, which signifies a Ghost as well as a *Fable*.

—*To premet nox, fabulaeque Manes.*

Hor.

Of all the Ghosts that have ever appeared on the Stage, a very learned and judicious foreign Critick gives the Preference to this of our Author. These are his Words, speaking of this Tragedy;

—*Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quàm Phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis Spectris, quibuscum scetet Angelorum Tragedia, longè (pace D—ysii V. Doctiss. dixerim) prætulerim.*

† We have already given Instances of this Figure.

‡ *Almanzor*

At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,
Disturb our Royal Walls?

Ghost. One who defies

- Thy empty Power to hurt him; * one who dares
Walk in thy Bed-Chamber.

King. Presumptuous Slave!
Thou diest.

Ghost. Threaten others with that Word,
b I am a Ghost, and am already dead.

King. Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy last Hour to come
This Moment had been it; ¹ yet by thy Shroud
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a Bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy Nothingness away.
Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*]

k I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost!
Yet, dare not, on thy Life——Why say I that,
Since Life thou hast not?——Dare not walk again

Within

z *Almanzor* reasons in the same Manner;

————— *A Ghost I'll be,*

And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free. Conquest of Granada.

^h *The Man who writ this* | yet in that excellent Play of
wretched Pun (says Mr. D.) *would* | *Liberty Asserted* we find some-
have picked your Pocket: Which | thing very much resembling a
he proceeds to shew, not only | Pun in the Mouth of a Mistress,
bad in itself, but doubly so on | who is parting with the Lover (he
so solemn an Occasion. And | is fond of;

Ul. *Ob, mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewell.*

Irene. *The Gods have given to others to fare well.*

O miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the *Victim*, is full | Occasion, that of Sacrificing his
as facetious on the most solemn | Daughter;

Yes, Daughter, yes; you will assist the Priest;

Yes, you must offer up your——Vows for Greece.

ⁱ *I'll pull thee backwards by thy Shroud to Light,*
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyself away to Air. Conquest of Granada.

Snatch me, ye Gods, this Moment into Nothing. Cyrus the Great.

k *So, art thou gone? Thou canst no Conquest boast.*

I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost. Conquest of Granada.

King Arthur seems to be as brave a Fellow as *Almanzor*, who says most
heroically,

————— *In spite of Ghosts I'll on.*

¹ The

Within these Walls, on pain of the *Red-Sea*.

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,

As sure, sure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid——

Ghost. Were the *Red-Sea* a Sea of *Holland's* Gin,
The Liquor (when alive) whose very Smell
I did detest, did loath——yet, for the Sake
Of *Thomas Thumb*, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha! said you?

Ghost. Yes, my Liege, I said *Tom Thumb*,
Whose Father's Ghost I am——once not unknown
To mighty *Arthur*. But, I see, 'tis true,
The dearest Friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer *Thumb*.

Oh! let me press thee in my eager Arms,
Thou best of Ghosts! Thou something more than Ghost!

Ghost. Would I were Something more, that we again
Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.

But now I have th' Advantage of my King,

¹ For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, ^m thou dearest Air, Oh! say, what dread,
Important Business sends thee back to Earth?

Ghost. Oh! then prepare to hear——which, but to hear,
Is full enough to send thy Spirit hence.

Thy Subjects up in Arms, by *Grizzle* led,
Will, ere the rosy-finger'd Morn shall ope
The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate
Of this thy Royal Palace, swarming spread:

ⁿ So have I seen the Bees in Clusters swarm,

So have I seen the Stars in frosty Nights,

So have I seen the Sand in windy Days,

So have I seen the Ghosts on *Pluto's* Shore,

So have I seen the Flowers in Spring arise, So

¹ The Ghost of *Lansaria* in *Cyrus* is a plain Copy of this, and is therefore worth reading.

Ab, *Cyrus*!

Thou may'st as well grasp Water, or fleet Air,

As think of touching my immortal Shade.

Cyrus the Great.

^m *Thou better Part of heavenly Air.*

Conquest of Granada.

ⁿ *A String of Similes* (says one) proper to be hung up in the Cabinet of
a Prince.

° This

So have I seen the Leaves in *Autumn* fall,
 So have I seen the Fruits in Summer smile,
 So have I seen the Snow in Winter frown.

• • *King.* D—n all thou'st seen!—Dost thou, beneath
 the Shape

Of Gaffer *Thumb*, come hither to abuse me
 With Similes to keep me on the Rack?
 Hence—or, by all the Torments of thy Hell,
 ° I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'st none.

Ghost. *Arthur*, beware; I must this Moment hence,
 Not frightened by your Voice, but by the Cocks;
Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware!
 Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;
 For if thou'rt kill'd To-day,
 To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

S C E N E III.

King solus.

King. Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!
 And whilst thou tellest me what's like my Fate,
 Oh! teach me how I may avert it too!
 Curst be the Man who first a Simile made!
 Curst ev'ry Bard who writes!—So have I seen
 Those whose Comparisons are just and true,
 And those who liken things not like at all.
 The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation
 Can furnish out no Simile to his Fortune.

S C E N E IV.

King, Queen.

Queen. What is the Cause, my *Arthur*, that you steal
 Thus silently from *Dollalolla's* Breast?

Why

° This Passage hath been un- | I find it difficult to understand it
 derstood several different Ways by | at all. *Mr. Dryden* says,
 the Commentators. For my Part |

*I have heard something how two Bodies meet,
 But how two Souls join I know not.*

So that 'till the Body of a Spirit | difficult to understand how it is possi-
 be better understood, it will be dif- | ble to run him through it.

P Cydaria

Why dost thou leave me in the ^p Dark alone,
When well thou know'st I am afraid of Sprites ?

King. Oh *Dollallolla* ! do not blame my Love ;
I hop'd the Fumes of last Night's Punch had laid
Thy lovely Eye-lids fast.—But, Oh ! I find
There is no Power in Drams to quiet Wives ;
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,
And shine upon their Husbands.

Queen. Think, Oh think !
What a Surprise it must be to the Sun,
Rising, to find the vanish'd World away.
What less can be the wretched Wife's Surprise
When, stretching out her Arms to fold thee fast,
She folds her useless Bolster in her Arms.
Think, think on that—Oh ! think, think well on that !
I do remember also to have read
In *Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis*,
That *Jove* in Form inanimate did lie
With beauteous *Danae* ; and trust me, Love,
I fear'd the Bolster might have been a *Jove*.

King. Come to my Arms, most virtuous of thy Sex ;
Oh *Dollallolla* ! were all Wives like thee,
So many Husbands never had worn Horns.
Should *Huncamunca* of thy Worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest—Oh fatal Name !
For didst thou know one Quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—Alas ! what thou wouldst
know !

Queen. What can I gather hence ? Why dost thou speak
Like Men who carry *Raree-Shows* about,

Now

^p *Cydaria* is of the same fearful Temper with *Dollallolla* ;

I never durst in Darkness be alone.

Ind. Emp.

^q *Think well of this, think that, think every Way.*

Sophonisba.

^r These Quotations are more usual in the Comick, than in the
Tragick Writers.

^s *This Distress* (says Mr. D——) *in the highest Apprehension from the*
I must allow to be extremely beauti- inanimate Embrace of a Bolster. An
ful, and tends to heighten the vir- Example worthy of Imitation from
tuous Character of Dollallolla, who all our Writers of Tragedy.
is so exceeding delicate, that she is

*Now you shall see, Gentlemen, what you shall see.
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.*

S C E N E V.

King, Queen, Noodle.

Noodle. Long Life attend your Majesties serene,
Great *Arthur*, King, and *Dollallolla*, Queen!
Lord *Grizzle*, with a bold rebellious Crowd,
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the Princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious *Thumb*, without his Pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the Gate.

S C E N E VI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Noodle.

King. See where the Princess comes! Where is *Tom Thumb*?

Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago
He sallied out to encounter with the Foe,
And swore, unless his Fate had him misled,
From *Grizzle*'s Shoulders to cut off his Head,
And serve't up with your Chocolate in Bed.

King. 'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.
Come, *Dollallolla*, *Huncamunca*, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious *Thumb*;
In Peace and Safety we secure may stay,
While to his Arm we trust the bloody Fray;
Tho' Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,
' He is alone equal to all these Odds.

Queen.

' *Credat Judæus Apella.*

Non ego——(says Mr. D.)
——For, passing over the Absurdity of being equal to Odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant Fellow——I say again, a little insignificant Fellow, able to vie with a Strength which all the Samsons and Hercules's of Antiquity

would be unable to encounter.

I shall refer this incredulous Critick to Mr. Dryden's Defence of his *Almanzor*; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few Lines from the Speech of a much braver Fellow than *Almanzor*, Mr. Johnson's *Achilles*;

*Tho' Human Race rise in embattel'd Hosts,
To force her from my Arms——Oh! Son of Atreus!*

Queen. He is, indeed, a "Helmet to us all,
While he supports we need not fear to fall;
His Arm dispatches all Things to our Wish,
And serves up ev'ry Foe's Head in a Dish.
Void is the Mistress of the House of Care,
While the good Cook presents the Bill of Fare;
Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fish,
Or Duck, or Goose, or Pig, adorn the Dish,
No Fears the Number of her Guests afford,
But at her Hour she sees the Dinner on the Board.

S C E N E VII. *A Plain.*

Lord Grizzle, Foodle, and Rebels.

Grizzle. Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;
For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found
" No Enemy to fight withal.

Foodle. Yet I,
Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,
* This first of *April*, to engage our Foes.

Griz.

*By that immortal Pow'r, whose deathless Spirit
Informs this Earth, I will oppose them all.*

Victim.

" I have heard of being supported by a Staff (says Mr. D.)
but never of being supported by an
Helmet. I believe he never heard

of Sailing with Wings, which he
may read in no less a Poet than
Mr. Dryden;

Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air.

Love Triumph.

What will he say to a kneeling Valley?

I'll stand
Like a safe Valley, that low bends the Knee
To some aspiring Mountain.

Injur'd Love.

I am asham'd of so ignorant a
Carper, who doth not know that
an Epithet in Tragedy is very of-
ten no other than an Expletive.
Do not we read in the New So-
phonisba of grinding Chains, blue
Plagues, white Occasions, and blue

Serenity? Nay, 'tis not the Ad-
jective only, but sometimes half a
Sentence is put by way of Exple-
tive, as, *Beauty pointed high with
Spirit, in the same Play—and,
In the Lap of Blessing, to be most
curst. In the Revenge.*

* A Victory like that of *Almanzor.*

Almanzor is victorious without Fight.

Conquest of Granada.

* *We'll have we chose an happy Day for Fight,
For every Man in Course of Time has found,
Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate.*

*K. Arthur.
& We*

Griz. This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd choose,
For on this Day my Grandmother was born.

- *Gods!* I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April Fool*;
• *Will* teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,
And send it Post to the *Elysian* Shades.

Food. I'm glad to find our Army is so stout,
Nor does it move my Wonder less than Joy.

Griz. ^z What Friends we have, and how we came so
strong,
I'll softly tell you as we march along.

S C E N E VIII.

Thunder and Lightning.

Tom Thumb, *Glumdalca cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh Noodle! hast thou seen a Day like this?
^a The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,
^b As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;
And Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball.

Merl. *Tom Thumb!*

Thumb. What Voice is this I hear?

Merl. *Tom Thumb!*

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. *Tom Thumb!*

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no Cause to fear, I am thy Friend,
Merlin by Name, a Conjuror by Trade,
And to my Art thou dost thy Being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl.

- ^y We read of such another in *Lee*;
Teach his rude Wit a Flight she never made,
And send her Post to the *Elysian* Shade.

Gloriana.

- ^z These Lines are copied verbatim in the *Indian Emperor.*

- ^a Unborn Thunder rolling on a Cloud.

Conquest of Granada.

- ^b Were Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash Gods unbinge the rolling World,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring Ball,
Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall.

Female Warrior.

The LIFE and DEATH of

Merl. Hear then the mystick Getting of Tom Thumb.

‘ His Father was a Ploughman plain,
His Mother milk’d the Cow ;
And yet the way to get a Son,
This Couple knew not how.
Until such time the good old Man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great Distress,
In secret manner shows,
How in his Heart he wish’d to have,
A Child, in time to come,
To be his Heir, tho’ it may be
No bigger than his Thumb :
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his Wish should have ;
And so a Son of Stature small,
The Charmer to him gave.

Thou’st heard the past, look up and see the future.

Thumb. ‘ Lost in Amazement’s Gulph my Senses sink ;
See there, Glumdalca, see another ‘ Me !

Glum. O Sight of Horror ! see, you are devour’d
By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow.

Merl. Let not these Sights deter thy noble Mind,
‘ For lo ! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes ;
See from afar a Theatre arise ;
There Ages, yet unborn, shall Tribute pay
To the Heroick Actions of this Day :

Then

‘ See the History of Tom Thumb, page 2.

‘ ——— Amazement swallows up my Sense,
And in th’ impetuous Whirl of circling Fate
Drinks down my Reason.

Persian Princess.

‘ ——— I have outfac’d myself,
What ! Am I two ? Is there another Me ?

K. Arthur.

‘ The Character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but most so in this Prophetick Part. We find several of these Prophecies in the Tragick Authors, who frequently take this Opportunity to pay a Compliment to their

Country, and sometimes to their Prince. None but our Author (who seems to have detested the least Appearance of Flattery) would have past by such an Opportunity of being a Political Prophet.

Then Buskin Tragedy at length shall choose
Thy Name the best Supporter of her Muse.

Thumb. Enough, let every warlike Musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

S C E N E IX.

*Lord Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels on one Side. Tom Thumb,
Glumdalca, on the other.*

Food. At length the Enemy advances nigh,
^s I hear them with my Ear, and see them with my Eye.

Griz. Draw all your Swords; for Liberty we fight,
^a And Liberty the Mustard is of Life.

Thumb. Are you the Man whom Men fam'd *Grizzle*
name?

Griz. ⁱ Are you the much more fam'd *Tom Thumb*?

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on, our Worth upon ourselves we'll prove,
For Liberty I fight.

Thumb. And I for Love.

[*A bloody Engagement between the two Armies here;
Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Thunder and
Lightning.—They fight off and on several times.
Some fall. Grizzle and Glumdalca remain.*

Glum. Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my Arm.

Glum. Have at thy Heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well, you've run me thro' the
Guts,

And I am dead.

Griz.

^z *I saw the Villain, Myron, with these Eyes I saw him.* *Busiris.*
In both which Places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to
see with other Eyes than your own.

^b *This Mustard (says Mr. D.)* *be wrote it.* This will be, I be-
lieve, best explained by a Line of
is enough to turn one's Stomach: I *Mr. Dennis;*
would be glad to know what Idea
the Author had in his Head when

And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life. *Liberty Asserted.*
The Understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

ⁱ *Han.* Are you the Chief, whom Men fam'd *Scipio* call?

Scip. Are you the much more famous *Hannibal*?

Hannibal.

^z *Dr.*

Griz. Then there's an end of One.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of Two,

* Villain.

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

Griz. Huncamunca!

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To Hell then, like a Rebel as you are,
And give my Service to the Rebels there.

Griz. Triumph not, *Thumb*, nor think thou shalt enjoy
Thy *Huncamunca* undisturb'd, I'll send

¹ My Ghost to fetch her to the other World;

^m It shall but bait at Heaven, and then return.

ⁿ But, ha! I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,

^o Some kinder Spright knocks softly at my Soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away:

I come

* Dr. *Young* seems to have copied this Engagement in his *Busiris*:

Myr. Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane.

¹ This last Speech of my Lord *Grizzle* hath been of great Service to
our Poets;

————— I'll bold it fast

As Life, and when Life's gone I'll hold this last;

And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,

I'll send my Ghost and fetch it back again. Conquest of Granada.

^m My Soul should with such Speed obey,

It should not bait at Heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his Eye;

'Twas not my Purpose, Sir, to tarry there,

I would but go to Heaven to take the Air.

ⁿ A rising Vapour rumbling in my Brains.

^o Some kind Spright knocks softly at my Soul,

To tell me Fate's at hand.

Gloriana.
Cleomenes.

Mr.

I come, I come, most willingly I come.

^p So when some City Wife for Country Air,
To *Hampstead* or to *Highbgate* does repair;

• • Her, to make haste, her Husband does implore,
And cries, *my Dear, the Coach is at the Door.*

With equal Wish, desirous to be gone,

She gets into the Coach, and then she cries—*Drive on!*

Tbumb. With those last Words ^a he vomited his Soul,
Which, ^r like whipt Cream, the Devil will swallow
down.

Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,

Which I will to the King in Triumph lug?

Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfast.

S C E N E X.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, and Courtiers.

King. Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds

To pay their Debts.—Let no one weep to-day.

Come, *Dollallolla*; ^r curse that odious Name!

It is so long it asks an Hour to speak it.

By Heavens! I'll change it into *Doll*, or *Loll*,

Or any other civil Monosyllable

That will not tire my Tongue.—Come, sit thee down.

Here seated let us view the Dancers Sports;

Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day

Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*;

Tom

^p Mr. Dryden seems to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he
says,

My Soul is packing up, and just on Wing. Conquest of *Granada*.

^r ^a *And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.*

Cleomenes.

^r *The Devil swallows vulgar Souls
Like whipt Cream.*

Sebastian.

^r *How I could curse my Name of Ptolemy!*

It is so long it asks an Hour to write it.

By Heav'n! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars,

Or any other civil Monosyllable,

That will not tire my Hand.

Cleomenes.

^r Here

Tom Thumb ! who wins two Victories 'to-day,
And this way marches, bearing *Grizzle*'s Head.

A Dance here.

Nood. Oh ! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh ! Oh !
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind my Eyes !
Dumb be my Tongue ! Feet lame ! all Senses lost !
° Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all ye
Ghosts !

King. What does the Blockhead mean !

Nood. I mean, my Liege,

* Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror ;
Whilst from my Garret, twice two Stories high,
I look'd abroad into the Streets below ;
I saw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,
Twice twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two dozen Links,
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores ;
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of *Grizzle* ;
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came
A Cow, of larger than the usual Size,
And in a Moment—guess, Oh ! guess the rest !
And in a Moment swallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.

King. Shut up again the Prisons, bid my Treasurer
Not give three Farthings out—hang all the *Culprits*,
Guilty or not——no matter——Ravish Virgins,
Go bid the Schoolmasters whip all their Boys ;
Let Lawyers, Parsons, and Physicians loose,
To rob, impose on, and to kill the World.

Nood.

<p>† Here is a visible Conjunction of two Days in one, by which our Author may have either in- tended an Emblem of a Wed- ding ; or to insinuate, that Men</p>	<p>in the Honey-Moon are apt to imagine Time shorter than it is. It brings into my Mind a Passage in the Comedy called, <i>The Coffee- House Politician</i> ;</p>
--	---

We will celebrate this Day at my House To-morrow.

° These beautiful Phrases are all to be found in one single Speech
of *King Arthur*, or *The British Worthy*.

* I was but teaching him to grace his Tale
With decent Horror.

Cleomenes.
° We

Nood. Her Majesty the Queen is in a Swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a Swoon, but I have still

Strength to reward the Messenger of ill News.

[Kills Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am slain.

Cle. My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the Queen.

Hunc. My Mamma kill'd! vile Murderers, beware.

[Kills Cleora.

Dood. This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.

[Kills Huncamunca.

Must. And this

I drive to thine, Oh Doodle! for a new one.

[Kills Doodle.

King. Ha! Murderers vile, take that. [Kills Mustacha.

And take thou this.

[Kills himself, and falls.

So

• We may say with *Dryden*;

Death did at length so many Slain forget,

And left the Tale, and took them by the Great.

I know of no Tragedy which
comes nearer to this charming and
bloody Catastrophe than *Cleomenes*,

where the Curtain covers five prin-
cipal Characters dead on the Stage.
These Lines too;

I ask no Questions then, of Who kill'd Who?

The Bodies tell the Story as they lie.

seem to have belonged more pro-
perly to this Scene of our Author.
—Nor can I help imagining they

were originally his. The *Rival*
Ladies too seem beholden to this
Scene;

We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death,

Julia goes first, Gonfalso hangs on her,

And Angelina hangs upon Gonfalso,

As I on Angelina.

No Scene, I believe, ever receiv-
ed greater Honours than this. It
was applauded by several *Encores*,
a Word very unusual in Tragedy.
—And it was very difficult for
the Actors to escape without a se-
cond Slaughter. This I take to
be a lively Assurance of that fierce
Spirit of Liberty which remains
among us, and which Mr. *Dryden*

in his *Essay on Dramatick Poetry*
hath observed—*Whether Cus-*
tom (says he) *hath so insinuated it-*
self into our Countrymen, or Nature
hath so formed them to Fierceness,
I know not, but they will scarcely
suffer Combats, and other Objects of
Horror, to be taken from them.—
And indeed I am for having them
encouraged in this Martial Dispo-
sition,

So when the Child whom Nurse from Danger guards,
 Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards,
 Kings, Queens and Knaves throw one another down,
 'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
 So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,
 And all I boast is—that I fall the last.

[Dies.]

fiction: Nor do I believe our Vic- | those bloody Spectacles daily ex-
 tories over the *French* have been | hibited in our Tragedies, of which
 owing to any thing more than to | the *French* Stage is so entirely clear.

F I N I S.
 4 AP 54



